

Wid. He that is giddie thinks the world turns round.
Petr. Roundlie replied.
Kat. Mistris, how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceiue by him.
Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?
Hor. My Widdow saies, thus she conceiues her tale.
Petr. Verie well mended: kisse him for that good Widdow.

Kat. He that is giddie thinks the world turnes round, I praie you tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your housband being troubled with a shrew, Measures my husbands sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.

Kate. A verie meane meaning.

Wid. Right, I meane you.

Kat. And I am meane indeede, respecting you.

Petr. To her *Kate*.

Hor. To her Widdow.

Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to the lad.

Drinks to Hortensio.

Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes?

Gre. Beleue me sir, they But together well.

Bian. Head, and but an hasty witted bodie,

Would say your Head and But were head and horne.

Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?

Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore lie sleepe againe.

Petr. Nay that you shall not since you haue begun: Haue at you for a better left or too.

Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush, And then pursue me as you draw your Bow.

You are welcome all.

Exit Bianca.

Petr. She hath preuented me, here signior *Tranio*,

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,

Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.

Tri. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-hound,

Which runs himsele, and catches for his Master.

Petr. A good swift smile, but something currishe.

Tri. 'Tis well sir that you hunted for your selfe:

'Tis thought your Deere does hold you at a baie.

Bap. Oh, oh *Petruchio*, *Tranio* hits you now.

Luc. I thanke thee for that gird good *Petruchio*.

Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath he not hit you here?

Petr. A has a little gald me I confesse:

And as the Iest did glaunce awaie from me,

'Tis ten to one it main'd you too out right.

Bap. Now in good sadnesse sonne *Petruchio*,

I thinke thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Petr. Well, I say no: and therefore fir assurance,

Let's each one send vnto his wife,

And he whose wife is most obedient,

To come at first when he doth send for her,

Shall win the wager which we will propofe.

Hort. Content, what's the wager?

Luc. Twentie crownes.

Petr. Twentie crownes,

Ile venture so much of my Hawke or Hound,

But twentie times so much vpon my Wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Petr. A match, 'tis done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Goe *Biondello*, bid your Mistris come to me.

Bio. I goe.

Bap. Soone, lie be your halfe, *Bianca* comes.

Luc. Ile haue no halues: Ile beare it all my selfe.

Enter Biondello.

How now, what newes?

Bio. Sir, my Mistris sends you word

That she is busie, and she cannot come.

Petr. How? she's busie, and she cannot come: is that an answer?

Gre. I, and a kinde one too:

Praie God sir your wife send you not a worse.

Petr. I hope better.

Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe and intreate my wife to come to me forthwith.

Petr. Oh ho, intreate her, nay then shee must needs come.

Hor. I am affraid sir, doe what you can

Enter Biondello.

Yours will not be entreated: Now, where's my wife?

Bian. She saies you haue some goodly left in hand,

She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Petr. Worse and worse, she will not come:

Oh wilde, intollerable, not to be indur'd:

Sirra *Gremio*, goe to your Mistris,

Say I command her come to me.

Hor. I know her answer.

Petr. What?

Hor. She will not.

Petr. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter Katherine.

Bap. Now by my hollidam here comes *Katherine*.

Kat. What is your will sir, that you send for me?

Petr. Where is your sister, and *Hortensio*'s wife?

Kate. They sit conferring by the Parler fire.

Petr. Goe fetch them hither, if they denie to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth vnto their husbands:

Away I say, and bring them hither straight.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talke of a wonder.

Hor. And so it is: I wonder what it boads.

Petr. Marrie peace it boads, and loue, and quiet life,

An awfull rule, and tight supremacie:

And to be short, what not, that's sweete and happie.

Bap. Now faire befall thee good *Petruchio*;

The wager thou hast won, and I will adde

Vnto their losses twentie thousand crownes,

Another dowrie to another daughter,

For she is chang'd as she had neuer bin.

Petr. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And show more signe of her obedience,

Her new built vertue and obedience.

Enter Kate, Bianca, and Widdow.

See where she comes, and brings your froward Wines

As prisoners to her womanlie perswasion:

Katherine, that Cap of yours becomes you not,

Off with that bable, throw it vnderfoote.

Wid. Lord let me neuer haue a cause to sigh,

Till I be brought to such a sillie paffe.

Bian. Fie what a foolish dutie call you this?

Luc. I would your dutie were as foolish too:

The wisdom of your dutie faire *Bianca*,

Hath cost me five hundred crownes since supper time.

Bian. The more foole you for laying on my dutie.

Petr. *Katherine* I charge thee tell these head-strong

women, what dutie they doe owe their Lords and husbands.

Wid. Come,

Wid. Come, come, your mocking: we will haue no

telling. Come on I say, and first begin with her.

Petr. She shall not.

Wid. I say she shall, and first begin with her.

Petr. Fie, fie, vnkneit that thretaning vnkinde brow,

Kate. Fie, fie, vnkneit that thretaning vnkinde brow,

And dart not scornfull glances from those eies,

To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouvernour,

It blots thy beautie, as frosts doe bite the Meads,

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake faire budds,

And in no sence is meete or amiable.

A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,

Muddie, ill seeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,

And while it is so, none so dry or thirstie

Will daine to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy foveraigne: One that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance. Commits his body

To painfull labour, both by sea and land:

To watch the night in stormes, the day in cold,

Whilst thou ly'st warme at home, secure and safe,

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But loue, faire looks, and true obedience;

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such dutie as the subiect owes the Prince,

Euen such a woman oweth to her husband:

And when she is froward, peeuish, fullen, fowre,

And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foule contending Rebelle,

And gracelesse Traitor to her louing Lord?

I am ashamed that women are so simple,

To offer warre, where they should kneele for peace:

Or seeke for rule, supremacie, and sway,

When they are bound to serue, loue, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weake, and smooth,

Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,

But that our soft conditions, and our harts,

Should well agree with our externall parts?

Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,

My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,

My heart as great, my reason haplie more,

To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;

But now I see our Launces are but strawes:

Our strength as weake, our weaknesse past compare,

That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.

Then vale your stomackes, for it is no boote,

And place your hands below your husbands foote:

In token of which dutie, if he please,

My hand is readie, may it do him ease.

Petr. Why there's a wench: Come on, and kisse mee

Kate.

Luc. Well go thy waies olde Lad for thou shalt ha'r.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward,

Petr. Come *Kate*, wee'll to bed,

We three are married, but you two are sped.

'Twas I wonne the wager, though you hit the white,

And being a winner, God giue you good night.

Exit Petruchio

Hortensio. Now goe thy wayes, thou hast tam'd a curst

Shrow.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leaue, she wil be tam'd so.

FINIS.

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